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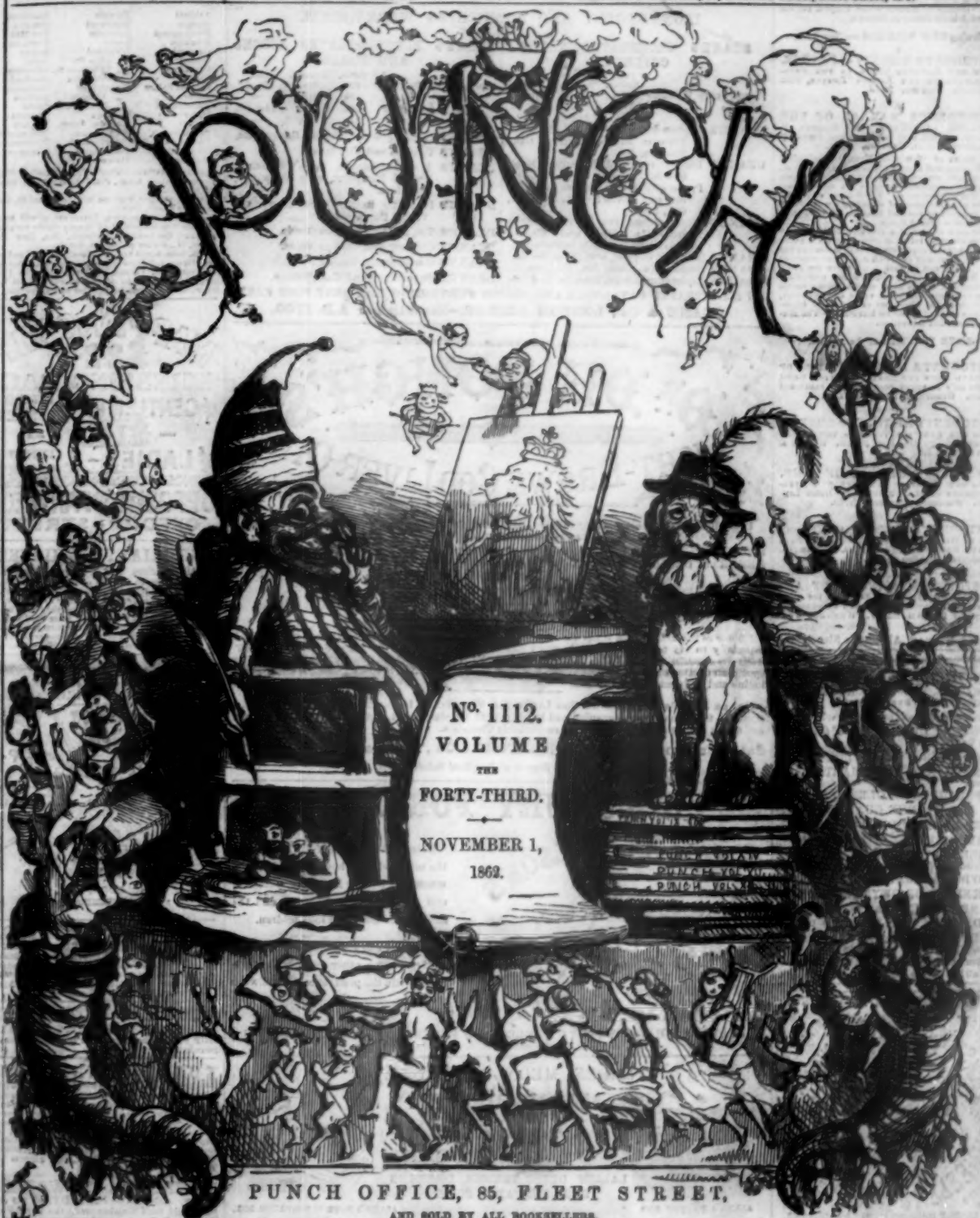
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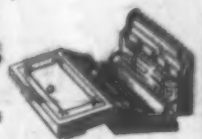
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SHARKS!!

Horror of De Pippa at the appearance of Miss Celina Boggins (on whose swimming-ground he had inadvertently trespassed) whom he at first took for one of those terrible creatures that have recently visited Scarborough.

A MODERN URBAIN GRANDIER.

(For the Spiritual Magazine.)

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Morning Post* tells a story which will perhaps be quoted by prejudiced materialists as making against spiritualism, and by narrow-minded Protestants as evidencing Roman Catholic superstition. He gives the following narrative of certain wonderful phenomena which have occurred at Morzines in Savoy:—

"It appears that about the year 1857, a mysterious epidemic, characterised by convulsions (like your 'revivals'), and a train of symptoms usually observed in hysteria and epilepsy, raged with such violence that in seven months 27 persons exhibited the form of the disease in its worst character. Seventeen were cured by the virtues of exorcisms. So delighted were the inhabitants of the commune at the success of these crafty deluders that they were called to show their skill upon the dumb animals of the district that were supposed to partake of the malady. Before the conclusion of 1860, 110 persons, mostly children, were victims of the epidemic."

This state of things continued, getting worse and worse, until some account of it came to the ears of the Minister of the Interior; who sent DR. CORSTANS to see about it. As this physician is Inspector-General of Lunatic Asylums, it was perhaps natural enough of a sceptical Home Secretary, to entrust him with such a mission. DR. CORSTANS went, and, behold!—

"On his arrival at Morzines he found the whole population in a state of the utmost depression, every one believing himself possessed by a devil. The municipal council, with the utmost gravity, assured the learned doctor that if he only brought with him the ordinary remedies of science his treatment of the disease must fail; that hitherto success had only attended exorcisms, pilgrimages to holy shrines, and animal magnetism."

The foregoing statements, however, will be cited by Spiritualists, too, against incredulous people, to prove that the supernatural virtues of exorcisms and holy shrines are snared by animal magnetism. Incredulous people, to be sure, will allege it to demonstrate the same thing in confutation of both Spiritualists and Romanists, and will no doubt consider its subjoined sequel as a clincher of their argument:—

"The experienced physician's prescription was as simple as it was efficacious. The first item was the removal of the *cure* of the parish, followed by the arrival of

a brigade of gendarmes and a detachment of infantry. The epidemic has disappeared."

"Ha, ha! Cured in an instant!" Yes, it is all very well of shallow materialists to jump to their lame and impotent conclusion with a gratuitous laugh; but do they suppose that epidemic hysteria is curable by the arrival of a body of police and a troop of soldiers in the affected district? Are they blind to the significance of the fact that the disappearance of the disorder coincided with the removal of the *cure*? The cause was taken away, and the effect ceased. Of course they will turn this fact into ridicule by attempting to account for it on the supposition that the *cure* had turned his people's heads, and that as soon as he was gone they came round again. This is the view that will be taken by stolid common sense; but we know better. The manifestations stopped on the removal of the medium. The narrator of the preceding particulars expresses the wish that such a treatment as that adopted in this case "had been followed in the days of CARDINAL RICHELIEU, when the unfortunate URBAIN GRANDIER, a curate of great merit, was burnt alive, being imagined by the nuns of the Ursulines to be the demon that afflicted them with a similar epidemic." URBAIN GRANDIER was burnt for bewitching the Nuns of Loudon; not because he was imagined to be a demon, for if his judges had entertained that idea of him of course they would never have thrown faggots away upon him, which they would have looked upon as more absurd than carrying coals to Newcastle. It was stupid cruelty to burn him, when if he had been set down to a table and furnished with a *planchette*, he might have been utilised. The enlightened Spiritualist does not doubt that GRANDIER was a medium, and, in his explanation of the marvellous influence exerted by the *cure* of Morzines upon his flock, will also be guided by the truly golden maxim, *medios tutissimus ibis*.

"The Voices of the Night."

"I COULDN'T get a wink of sleep," said a newly-blessed Benedict, "on account of a disordeon that kept playing all night. 'Disordeon!' inquired the confidant of his troubles, 'What new instrument is that?'—"Only the baby," was the yawning reply.

LADIES SAILING UNDER FALSE COLOURS.



We were informed the other evening that red is now the fashionable colour for the hair, and that many swells and well-to-do have had their hair dyed red, to make it suit the fashion. How true is the rumour we care not to decide, but that other portions of the person are dyed red beside the hair is proved by the advertisement of a thing called "liquid rouge," of which it is observed by its talented inventor that—

"Liquid rouge has the advantage of being perfectly uninjurious to the skin, and of the same time admitting of the hair being washed several times without the colour being removed. I must be allowed to repeat that this liquid does not injure, and that its goodness so perfectly a natural appearance that a magnifying glass may be used without detecting the fact, that rouge and not nature has produced the beautiful bloom upon the skin. The knuckles and elbows are greatly improved by its use. It is sold at 1s. per bottle, and can be forwarded per post for 18 stamps."

If, in spite of all its virtues, this liquid rouge hang fire in sale (which, for the honour of the fair-sex, we sincerely trust it may), a new manner of wording will be used in the advertisements, and the puff poetic doubtless will supplant the puff prosaic. We shall then perhaps be favoured with announcements such as this:—

"Marked you her cheek of roseate hue?
Marked you her roscate elbow too?
That tint the rose's blush excell'd,
At three-and-six per box we're selling."

Or the poet might express himself in somewhat coarser language, thus:—

THE NAGGLETONS AT BRIGHTON.

The Scene represents an Apartment in the Hotel at Brighton. MR. NAGGLETON has put on his Hat and Gloves, placed the "Times" under his left arm, and his cigar in his mouth, and he now takes his stick, and is about to go out. MRS. NAGGLETON, who is reading the Supplement, has carefully watched all his preparations, but has abstained from speaking until he is quite ready to go.

Mrs. Naggleton (in an icy tone). I want a cheque, HENRY.

Mr. N. Very well, my dear, I'll give it you when I come in.

Mrs. N. I want it now, if you please.

Mr. N. O, bother, won't it do an hour hence?

Mrs. N. For the third time, MR. NAGGLETON, your wife has to solicit money from you. If you wish her to request it upon her knees, you had better state that such is your wish.

Mr. N. (throwing down cigar, stick, and "Times" and tearing off his gloves). How can you use such idiotic language? Why couldn't you have mentioned it before one had one's hand on the door?

Mrs. N. I am too well aware of what would have followed any allusion to the subject during your breakfast, MR. NAGGLETON. I should have been insulted for not letting a man have time to swallow his coffee before dunning him for money.

Mr. N. (slightly conscience-stricken). Where is that wretched inkstand? You are always shoving it out of the way.

Mrs. N. I will fetch it from the bed-room. I do not regard a six-penny inkstand as an ornament to a sitting-room. I will fetch it.

Mr. N. (sardoniously). Readily enough, I make no doubt, now. Yesterday, when I wanted to write a note, you had not the slightest idea where the thing could be, and referred me to the waiter who seemed on such good terms with me.

Mrs. N. (piously). That a person calling himself a man should bottle up such trifles to reproduce them for the purposes of malice!

Mr. N. Never mind what I bottle, my dear; get the ink-bottle.

Mrs. N. (sadly). Oh, dear! I know not which is worst—such seriousness or such joking.

Mr. N. (which shows wisest that it is unwise to leave a man to his own reflections when money is wanted). By the way, what the deuce does she want with another cheque to-day? It's only Thursday. I pay the hotel bills. I don't quite see it in that light. Any how, we'll hear.

"Ladies, when your cheeks get pale,
Try the rouge we keep on sale:
You'll find it quite a first-rate tint,
And nothing poisonous is in't.
When once laid on it never cracks,
And, though 'tis liquid, sticks like wax.
It fades not at the water's touch
(Though of course you mustn't wash too much).
It will deceive the sharpest eye,
And e'en the microscope defy.
Ladies, by its aid you can
Subdue the stubborn heart of man;
Come then with a skip and hop,
Haste, ye nymphs, to Snooks his shop!"

In Japan when women marry they pull their eyebrows out and blacken all their teeth: and really this is scarcely a more barbarous proceeding than using artificial means for colouring the cheeks. Indeed when we hear of ladies reddening their knuckles and their elbows, we think them scarce more civilised than were the ancient Britons, with whom it was the fashion to dye themselves sky-blue.

Tastes differ, we all know; but for ourselves we can't consent to designate as "beautiful" the bloom which is produced by the agency of rouge: nor should we consider that a girl "improved" the look of her knuckles or her elbows by giving them an artificial redness by its use. A beauty, to please us, must be a beauty without paint: and as for the assertion that a magnifying glass might be used without detecting the presence of the pigment, this fact in no way serves to lessen our dislike for it. We should never dream, ourselves, of carrying a magnifier for the purpose of convicting any girl of using paint: and we should fain see few young ladies would suffer an admirer to inspect their skin as though it were a subject for a microscope, and were not to be regarded simply with the naked eye. Were we SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, we should hold a sham complexion a fit ground for a divorce: and ladies using rouge with a view of getting married through it, we would find guilty of obtaining husbands under false pretences, and would sentence to hard labour, say plain needlework, for life.

Re-enter MRS. NAGGLETON, with the ink.

Mrs. N. There is the inkstand, HENRY.

Mr. N. I say, my dear, I move that this House do go into Committee of Supply.

Mrs. N. (not having yet got her cheque). Just what I want, HENRY. There is paper.

Mr. N. No, no, I've got my cheque-book.

Mrs. N. (in spite of herself). You have! You had no packet by this morning's post, and last night you had left your book safely locked up in town. But I never profess to understand the mysteries of commercial matters. I have no doubt it is all right. Draw for twenty pounds, if you please.

Mr. N. (reading the charge of fiction). This is Thursday, MARIA.

Mrs. N. I am perfectly aware of it, HENRY, and I deeply regret that your keeping me company here should deprive you of the happiness of attending at the "Flips." Had you not better go up by the 3.30 train?—you will be in time to applaud MR. WYNDHAM WARRENHAM's first joke.

Mr. N. (non robor et as triplex). This is Thursday, MARIA, and you had a cheque on Saturday. Why do you want another so soon?

Mrs. N. (briefly). Because the last is spent.

Mr. N. Unless you have any very special reason for wishing it, I should prefer not drawing until Saturday.

Mrs. N. As you please. (Resumes seat and Supplement.) That it should come to this!

Mr. N. Come to nonsense, MARIA. Can't a husband ask a plain question without a wife's turning on the water-works?

Mrs. N. does not speak, but the paper quivers with her shuddering remembrance against his unfeeling vulgarity.

Mr. N. Now, don't be childish, there's a good creature?

Mrs. N. (sorrowfully). Creature, indeed! (Heavy sigh.)

Mr. N. I rather suppose myself to compliment you by talking to you in a business-like way—letting you into my little confidences—but one never knows how to deal with a woman. There is the cheque, however, MARIA. They'll cash it for you down-stairs.

Mrs. N. No, no. Take it back, and let us pay our bill and return to London by the third-class train. Ring for the bill, if you please.

Mr. N. Now what's up?

Mrs. N. O HENRY, this is your mean way of acquainting me with your embarrassments, perhaps ruin. What is to become of the poor children? Pray, ring for the bill.

Mr. N. And a strait-waistcoat to follow. What are you talking of?
Mrs. N. If your affairs are in such a state that it signifies whether you draw for such a trumpery [sum forty-eight hours sooner or later, we can have no business in a house like this. Pray let us go to London, and see what is to be done.

Mr. N. (white with rage). Mrs. NAGGLETON, I do not quite like to say what I think you are, but certainly you are not a blessed wise person. What on earth have I said to justify such nonsense? I usually prefer to draw on Saturday because a good deal of money is paid in to my account on Fridays. (*observes Mrs. N. making a mental memorandum of the statement*) that is, on some Fridays—and so—

Mrs. N. O, don't take pains to mystify me, HENRY. I told you I knew nothing of commercial matters, not even how a book could get out of a locked drawer and come to Brighton without hands. I only spoke for the sake of the children, of whom you never think.

Mr. N. No, of course not, except from ten to six every day of my life, when I am working my hardest for them and their mother.

Mrs. N. (dumbly). I am sorry we are such burdens to you.

Mr. N. (exasperated). Who the D, yes, a large D, Mrs. NAGGLETON, for the case deserves it—who ever said you were burdens? You have no right to charge me with want of heart.

Mrs. N. If I seem to have done so, dear, I have expressed myself unfortunately. You have heart enough, it is your poor head that is too often in fault.

Mr. N. (At least twenty times more enraged with this imputation.) I—I am very much obliged to you, MARIA; but your opinion of my intellect is, excuse me, not so valuable as it might be, if your own were of a higher order. (*Swiftly.*)

Mrs. N. Recrimination, HENRY, is ever the resort of irritability, but it is no argument.

Mr. N. Argument, indeed! No, I do not know that I am called to argue with my own wife as to whether I am a fool or not.

Mrs. N. (smiling.) No, dear, it is not necessary.

Mr. N. And, although your opinion on the subject is valueless, it may be well for you to know that it is certainly not that of my friends.

Mrs. N. I learned some lines when I was a little girl—I partly forget them—

Mr. N. (also forgetting his manners.) Not marvellous, my dear, considering the time that has elapsed.

Mrs. N. (not swerving from the charge.) They were something like this—

"No listening senate heeded what he spoke,
 But the club hailed him master of the joke."

To be sure you are not master of the joke where Mrs. WYNDHAM WAREHAM is, but I dare say your friends (as you say) at the "Flips" would give you a character for a sort of smartness. I alluded, however, to real intellect; and perhaps as you do not quite understand me, we had better change the conversation. What a funny noise that man with bull's eyes makes.

Mr. N. MARIA, you of all women in the world—

Mrs. N. My dear HENRY, I have no affection, but you are always using the word woman; it is not quite the thing; and, although it is natural that you should, from your antecedents—

Mr. N. Hang my antecedents, Madam, look at your own relatives.

Mrs. N. To see that you have studied grammar, if only for the sake of buffoonery, is so gratifying, that I abstain from further remark.

Mr. N. I was going to say, Mrs. NAGGLETON, that you of all—ladies—in the world are best entitled to deem me unwise, but that you also of all—O, ladies—ought to feel bound not to use your privilege.

Mrs. N. Which means, I presume, that, having honoured me with your alliance, I am never to express my sense of some of its disadvantages.

Mr. N. I know of none.

Mrs. N. Ah!

Mr. N. But I know that many women envy you.

Mrs. N. Envy is always a proof of weakness of mind; and, in this instance, most particularly so, my love.

Mr. N. I tell you one thing, Mrs. NAGGLETON. In the old times, my holidays were periods of unmixed enjoyment, now they are occasions of incessant wrangle.

Mrs. N. If the first Mrs. NAGGLETON had neither sense to perceive your deficiencies, nor spirit to point them out, HENRY, it is not my fault that I am successor to one who seems to have been but a few removes from an idiot.

Mr. N. I wish there were more such idiots in the world.

Mrs. N. (points to bench). I dare say you will find plenty down there—at least this is about the time the nurserymaids and that sort come out. Have you spoken to your friend the waiter about dinner, love?

Mr. N. I think I shall go up to town.

Mrs. N. (smiling). As I was quite sure that you would not dare to be absent on a night when WYNDHAM WAREHAM is in the chair, I arranged to take an early dinner, and go round to SARAH BALTIMORE'S.

Mr. N. You might have asked me first.

Mrs. N. I might, certainly, but it didn't occur to me to do so. Still, I can send SARAH a note, if you find, by-and-by, that you have courage

to stay at Brighton with your wife, in spite of your friends and their sarcasms. Please yourself.

Mr. N. It being matter of perfect indifference to you?

Mrs. N. My feelings being matter of perfect indifference to you, I seldom trouble you with them.

Mr. N. Such is life? And what is marriage?

Mrs. N. Well, if you ask me, I should say it was—wedlock. Go and take your walk, and see if you can bring in a better definition, and, anyhow, bring in some better prawns than those you bought yesterday.

Mr. N. (going out angrily). Case Prawas.

SHALL WE GIVE UP GIBRALTAR?

ARE we going to give up Gibraltar? Of course, if we mean to dispense with our maritime force. For of what use to us can that distant rock be when we cease to maintain a dominion at sea?

As Gibraltar is close to the border of Spain, it belongs to the Spaniard—what pikestaff more plain? And the four Channel Islands, you see at a glance, are not much more remote from the borders of France.

Then we must, if of logic we cherish a spark, Give up Jersey as well; Guernsey, Alderney, Sark—Common prudence would also that course recommend; It were best to return what we couldn't defend.

We'll surrender at once, then, to stand in no need Of invasion, the whole of Great Britain indeed, Letting Erin's green Isle be annexed to the land, If there is one, whose Rulers will take it on hand.

But though forming a part of Iberia's shore, In the first place Gibraltar belonged to the Moor, So we don't see our way, in resigning it, plain, To restore it to either Morocco or Spain.

In the meantime we own it in fact and by right, And at present intend to keep hold of it tight; And what tenants, in all the wide world can you find, Who would hold it so much for the good of mankind?

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM ON STRAIT-LACING.

THE primary Visitation Charge of the RIGHT REV. DR. BAKING, the new Bishop of Durham, delivered the other day, contains these words:—

"What manner of persons ought, then, the Clergy to be above all others in holy conversation and godliness—"

Which nobody can deny. His Lordship continued:—

"How ought they to shun all recreations and occupations which, though possibly innocent in themselves, might be likely to cause a weaker brother to fall!"

What are the recreations and occupations which BISHOP BAKING alludes to? When *Parson Trulliber*, taking *Parson Adams* for a customer come to buy pigs, insisted on his going into the pig-stye to examine its occupants, amongst which *Adams* fell down, *Parson Trulliber* was an occasion of stumbling to *Parson Adams*, although the latter can, by no means be said to have been a weak brother. There are few occupations, besides keeping pigs, that a Clergyman is at liberty to pursue; now does the BISHOP OF DURHAM mean to class pig-keeping among those occupations which, though possibly innocent in themselves, are likely to cause a weak brother to fall? Suppose a Clergyman does a little horse-dealing, is that an occupation which the Bishop considers likely to cause the fall of a weak brother? Not, surely, unless the reverend gentleman sells a horse that has been down on its knees. It may be said that the clerical horse-dealer constitutes himself a temptation to the professional one, by whom he exposes himself to be cheated; but that cannot be, when, as is generally the case, the parson is much too sharp to be taken in.

The game of skittles is a recreation closely connected with the imbibition of beer; but even if that recreation, innocent in itself, may occasionally conduce to excess in liquor, it does not appear to be one against which the Clergy need to be cautioned. In taking a fence, a Clergyman out hunting may himself come to grief; but he is not likely to cause anybody else to fall, weak brother or strong. And although indeed, he may, in playing cricket, indirectly occasion the fall of a brother to whom he gives a run, and who slips in taking it, being weak on his pins, yet perhaps this is not exactly the sort of fall which the Bishop means. It is to be feared, however, that he does mean to discourage the participation of his Clergy in athletic sports and pastimes, for his above-quoted remarks about recreations, smack rather of nervous than muscular Christianity.



THE GALE.

"DON'T BE ALARMED, DARLINGS—THE CAPTAIN HAS GOT QUITE ENOUGH TO DO TO LOOK AFTER HIMSELF."—PUNCH.

HERCULES AND OMPHALE.

HERCULES was a terrible god,
The Continent trembled wherever he trod,
Strong on the land and strong on the sea,
A very tremendous Power was he.
His club demolished all sorts of things,
December mobs, Januarius kings;
Euxine billows and Mexican waves
Whitened beneath the keels of his braves:
The noble city in which he reigns
He chopped into grooves for artillery trains.
Little was Hercules pleased to think
Of the tube that 's charged with a reasoner's ink,
Much more honour he gave, I wot,
To the tube that 's charged with a rifle-shot.
Slightly troubled with vain remorse,
Hercules reigned by the grace of Force:
Wrongs he wrought, but let history add
That some of his acts were not so bad,
And men believed that the god would choose
The righteous course—while it suited his views.
Meanwhile he ruled with the club and sword,
A silent, stern, and resistless Lord.

Hercules had a mind to wed,
And whom should he raise to the Purple bed?
None of the maids of royal line
Were wooed to listen to vows divine.
From a great peninsula rich—in fame,
Where an ancient Pillar still bears his name,
His fancy minded a bride to seize,
And he bore her over the Pyrenees.
Oh, fair was the lady, and passing fair,
Seldom hath monarch a bride so rare,
A proud young beauty, whom every voice

Proclaimed was worthy his godship's choice.
Omphale came, with her lovely eyes,
And a nation held her a nation's prize,
Nor grudged a homage, unwon by arms,
To the despot throned by the grace of Charms.

Now none shall hold it at times unmeet
For a lover to fall at a lady's feet,
And kings and demi-gods oft have heard
Obedience taught in a whispered word.
The Hebrew monarch whose ring was spell
To seal the door of the Genii's hell,
Found he had slavery's doom to bear
When he gave the rings of domestic wear.
Antony bowed to a dusky bride
(Unless by STOREY's chisel belied).
Nay, *Punch* himself, as creation knows,
Has been pleased to lie at JUDINA's toes.

Sweet Queen Omphale's tastes were twain,
Tastes she brought from her sunny Spain.
Poised was her Majesty's heart between
Ecclesiastics and Crinoline:
Mumbler or milliner, folks confessed
'Twas hard to say which she loved the best.
Dear to her the frock of the priest,
Dear was the robe of the dear *modiste*.
Now the Church had the foremost place,
Now she was all for ribbons and lace,
Now she knelt for the barbarous Latin,
Now o'er the sweetest thing in satin.
And of all the kings of the southern land,
Her *beau idéal* was FERDINAND,
Who combined in one the duties three!
Of milliner, king, and devotee,
And, crowned and throned (as historians quote),
Embroidered the Virgin's petticoat.



E—r—r—N—r.

E—r—r—E—r.

HERCULES AND OMPHALE.

THE LANCET - LONDON - SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1877



BEQUESTS AND DONATIONS

RECEIVED

Dress was pardoned, when dress was seen
In all its grace on that lovely Queen,
And few, save husbands who had to pay,
Complained that life was a long display;
And that wives were taught she best fulfils
Her mission who shows most milliner's bills.
A shrug was twitched, and then even the wise
Began to talk of Omphale's eyes.
While Hercules, stern to all beside,
Had naught but praise for his radiant bride.

But lower yet must his godship bow.
Where is that terrible hero now?
'Tis the Church's day, and the priest has come
With a tawdry toy from his chief in Rome.
Milliners pack, and the day at least
Is given to Rome and the leering priest.
Down is Hercules, crouching down,
Before the befrosted and behaven clown,
Down, in a land where laughter kills,
Down, for 'tis so that Omphale wills.
And there he lies at the Church's beck,
AND THE PRIESTLY FOOT'S ON THE WAR-GOD'S NECK.
Oh, all who've smarted beneath his rod,
Are ye not venge'd on that prostrate god?

Up, O demi-god! else art none:
Zeus must blush for his vaunted son.
Thine Uncle-idol, the tyrant Dis,
Never had stooped to a doom like this;
Up, and the pious storm defy,
'Twill not be fierce in that lovely eye.
Up, and declare, to thy sense restored,
That thou lovest her well, but that thou art Lord,
Then turn and deal the avenging blow
On the base low brow of thy priestly foe.

Hurled from thy hand the impostor flies—
To the home of his father—the Father of Lies.

SOME ODISIOUS COMPARISONS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR JUST OFF HIS HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

WE all know pretty well what JOHN BULL thinks of foreigners—their railways, their hotels, their *cafés*, their hats, their coats, their cigars and their civility.

But I should be very curious to know what the foreigner thinks of JOHN BULL in these and the like particulars. Not the ASSOLANT kind of foreigner, the *feuilleton*-writing gentleman, who is nothing if not epigrammatic, and looks at things with exclusive reference to their effect in an article; but the honest, average Frenchman or German who has been over here this year on International Exhibition business or pleasure. I should like to compare notes with him on English hotels, restaurants, refreshment-rooms, lodging-houses, and so forth.

Fresh as I am from a couple of months on the Continent, spent most of it in France and Italy, I should be very curious to know whether English ways and waiters, rooms and refreshments, bed-rooms and bills, hotels and lodgings, strike him, as compared with those of his own country, in the way they strike me.

I suppose that is, as Lord Dundreary would say, "a thing no fellow can find out." But I know, at any rate, what I think on these points myself. And I think it worth saying, because I believe there is an immense deal of cant afloat on these matters—conclusions that won't hold water—complaisances that "won't wash"—conceit that calls for snubbing, and big hollow pretensions which would be all the better for having the wind let out of them.

Now I am not a decrifier of Britons and things British. I have maintained before, and I am ready to maintain again, against all comers, and at all weapons, that Englishmen and women, of the class gentlefolk, are, as a rule, the cleanliest, neatest, best dressed, and best behaved travellers in the world. I aver, too, and will maintain that in point of speed, civility, and comfort,—allowing for the higher chances of a smash, and the inferiority of our second-class carriages—the English railway system is immeasurably to be preferred to the French or German. Indeed I know nothing half so striking in the way of distinction between matters at home and abroad, as the contrast in the demeanour, voice, and behaviour of everybody about the railway-stations, when you change the lines on the other side the Channel for those on this. I look upon our English railway-guards and porters as the modern Chesterfields. I know no class equal to them for good breeding, patience, chivalrous gallantry to women, fine manners, and sustained good temper. I haven't an idea how this consummation comes about. It can't be the Directors—they are a dreadful set of harpies and vultures, as we all know

from the leading-articles and letters in the newspapers. It can't be the influence of the occupation, which is hard and wearing, exposing the men to all weathers when in motion, to dreary, monotonous watching and waiting when on station duty. It can't be the prospect of the "tip," which they are forbidden to take, and which everybody is determined to give. I dismiss the idea of that motive as alike insulting and insufficient. But what can it be? The virtue is universal with the class. I have sometimes observed a snappishness among the young gentlemen who give out the tickets at the pigeon-holes. But then it must be owned they are very hardly tried by sudden examinations in *Bradshaw*, and difficulties about change. But the porters and guards never fail one. They are all absolutely lambs, doves, angels in ribbed corduroy or blue broad-cloth.

Abroad, on the other hand, from the moment your *coiffure* sets you down at a station, you feel yourself a mark for imposition and extortion, a helpless victim of despotic forms, the bond-slave of a set of haughty tyrants in uniform. They are all alike, from the ticket-clerk behind the grating, who contemptuously thrusts you out your tickets, and is quite capable of cheating you in your change, when you pay for them, to the luggage-registering clerk in the cage, who makes out your luggage-ticket, and blows you up, if you fumble with your *billet*, or have any difficulties in handing him the exact amount demanded for trunks and portmanteaus. When you have run the gauntlet of these tyrants, there is the man on guard at the waiting-room door, who will not allow you to pass in or out without showing your ticket, who separates you from the wife of your bosom or the friend of your youth, supposing them to have accompanied you with a view to an affectionate farewell at the last moment; and then, when you have been swept in the rush out of the waiting-room on to the platform, you find yourself out of the frying-pan in the fire, in the hands of a despot and slave-driver, to whom the oppressors you have hitherto had to deal with are meek and merciful. This is, of course, the guard, who orders you about, crams you with sardonic satisfaction into the last place of a crowded carriage, with an empty one on each side of it, clamours down your remonstrances, gives you the lie direct, separates your party, laughs at your discomfort, and seems altogether to revel in the opportunity of making you feel that for the time being the power is his, and that he means to abuse it. Fleas may be a nuisance, buggers a bore, mosquitoes an infliction, small wash-hand basins an evil, pestering *ciceroni* a torment; *vin ordinaire* is not, as a rule, delicious—but I declare solemnly, that as far as my experience goes, travelling has no nuisance, irritation and discomfort comparable to the foreign railway official. He is at least as open to a "tip" as his British brother; but the one is civil to you, though you never offer him a sixpence; the other is uncivil, though you try to propitiate him with five-franc pieces.

The contrast between the two puzzles me. I cannot understand why the railway uniform should transform JOHN BULL into a *Grandios* and JOHNNY CRAPAUD into a *Lépreux*. As for the German railway people they are, if possible, worse than the French—because they are clumsy and stupid, besides being overbearing and oppressive.

If the difference be caused by the fact that England is a constitutional country, and France and Germany paternal despotisms, I can only wonder that the difference should be felt so much in this and so little in other things.

But whatever the cause, the difference I insist upon is more marked and more operative on a traveller's comfort, than any other distinction between this tight little island and the big loose Continent beside it. But I admit it is at this point the balance must be struck, if one means to keep up the old notion that England is the country for neatness, cleanliness, kindness, practical good sense, and all other things that conduce to comfort. If one goes further—to the refreshment rooms, the hotels, the eating-houses, the shops with their ministering spirits,—waiters, and shop-men and women—and their appliances—beds, furniture, bed and table linen, washing, cookery, service, &c., &c.—then I am bound to own that England stands fearfully below neighbouring Continental countries. I am forced to the conclusion that in all that relates to the accommodation and enjoyment of the traveller, England cannot hold her own for an instant with foreign parts—that she falls below them as far in comfort, cleanliness, convenience, and common-sense as in cheapness. I throw this paradoxical proposition down at the end of this paper, and give the reader a week to digest it. Next week I will tell him on what grounds I maintain so seemingly unpatriotic a doctrine.

The Celtic Water Cure.

CAPTAIN HANS BURE, of the Victoria Rifles, writing to the *Times* on the subject of suppressing riots, observes:—

"As soon as a popular tumult assumes a threatening aspect, nothing more is necessary in order to quell it than a couple of fire-engines, supported by a detachment of police, who have only them to direct a steady horizontal jet of water full at the head of the mob."

A capital suggestion. We will only venture to improve upon it by recommending that the fluid employed to disperse riotous Irish Yahoos should be particularly pure, because those creatures have a peculiar antipathy to clean water.



CAD (in a breath). "Ch-ing Coo-'cadilly 'igh Par-zibishur-n Queen's Hallum !?"
[In vain the unfortunate Moscos consult their Handbooks and Lexicons.]

A PLEA FOR CRINOLINE.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,
"It's really horrid and disgraceful and audacious—and I wonder how you can dare (yes DARE, Sir) to do it—and I've a great mind to say that I'll never forgive you!—and—but I forgot I haven't told you yet what I mean: Well, what I mean is, Sir, the way in which you presume to talk about our Crinolines. It was only last week, or the week before, that you had the atrocity to say that Crinoline was the very worst lady's habit, and the sooner she threw it off the better." Why, I never heard anything so shocking! But that's not the worst of it—you're always poking your fun at our dresses, or our bonnets, or our walking-sticks (as if we hadn't a right to have walking-sticks as well as you) and it's all hypocrisy, Sir, and you know it is. Why, if we were to be such geese as to give up our 'hen-coops' or 'expansions' or whatever you choose to call them, you would be the first to laugh at us—like that wretch of an EMPEROR when his sweet EUGENIE came down to breakfast one morning without hers, all to humour his whims—you would be the first to be making your jokes about 'walking May-poles,' &c., whilst the dirty little boys would call after us 'There goes another guy!' or 'There go several other guys!' as the case might be.

"How would you like to see Mrs. Punch—a thousand pardons—Mrs. Judy—and all the little *Judies* parading the streets for all the world like broomsticks or mop-handles, poor things? (I'm glad you're not my papa!) and with no more *fourmure* than a bed-post or an old Aunt Sally? And if we do get burnt to death, our wings singed a little now and then, it's only the old Tabbies or the wall-flowers, who huddle round the fender because they can't get partners enough to keep themselves warm. Besides, what do people want with fires in ball-rooms at all, as if it wasn't always hot enough without? and if they must indulge in their Salamanderish propensities, why can't they just put a screen over the grate, and roast in security. Moreover, even admitting (for the sake of argument only) that our balloons are a little dangerous or so in case of Fire, are they not absolute salvation in the case of Water? Think how many a girl gracefully buoyed up by her expanding dress has escaped a frightful death, and, as one of your poets says—

"Floated down the river like a water-tight *Ophelia*,
For her Crinoline sustained her?"

"Then again, Mr. Punch, as to those absurd stories of fat boys being swept off jetties and so forth—I don't believe a word of such stuff, and if our 'steel-traps,'

as they call them, do sometimes hurt the legs of the opposite sex a little, why so much the better! Why can't they keep at a respectful distance, as they are obliged to do when they go to see that sweet Koh-i-Noor, or the *Tinted Venus*, or anything else that is too precious and exquisite to be endangered by contact with their Bear-ships? For my part I always consider this one of the strong points of the invention.

"Then as regards 'Dress-makers' bills,' and 'extravagant prices,' and all that rubbish that the men are eternally braying about, it's a mere *bagatelle* to what they spend on themselves and their horrid cigars, and their clubs, and their vanities. Who is it, I should like to know, all the world over, that delight in bedazzling themselves and hanging themselves in chains? Answer me that, Mr. Punch,—and honestly if you can for once? Who is it that love to deck their sinful bodies in feathers, and nose-rings, and fripperies? whilst their poor Squaws are left to do all the dirty work at home, and carry the papouses? Why the men again, Mr. Punch; the male creatures—the peacocks! But I've no patience with such meanness, and if I write any longer I shall get into a passion,

"So I subscribe myself,

"Your indignant

"Whalebone Walk, Brighton."

"CRINOLINA."

THE RISING CRY.

THE POPE's entreated to give way,
And abdicate his hated away,
Now *possumus* is his reply.
The Romans shout, "No Popery!"

He couldn't, unto parents due
Restore the kidnapped little Jew,
That was baptised upon the sly:
Nature calls out, "No Popery!"

His slaves doom Protestants, in Spain,
To prison cell, and felon's chain,
Whilst all enlightened nations cry,
"Shame, Spaniards, shame! No Popery!"

Banditti ravage hearth and home
To vindicate the POPE of ROME,
Assassins strike, Italians die,
And dying shriek, "No Popery!"

Here, Ireland's vilest of Yahoos
Raise for their Pontiff dire hurroos,
Shillelaghs flourish, brickbats shy,
And then we say, "No Popery!"

A King, against his people's will,
France, thine Elect maintains him still,
Dost thou as thou wouldst be done by
Not to exclaim, "No Popery!"

Is all thy sense of Justice dead?
Has every spark of honour fled?
No more thine own prized right deny:
Thunder, thou too, "No Popery!"

THE AMATEUR DIPLOMATIST.

A Street Dialogue.

Brown. CORDEN's been speaking at Manchester. What about?

Jones. About an hour and a-half.

Brown. What did he say?

Jones. Abused Maritime Law, which he said was as bad as the Corn Laws, praised the Yankees, showed that Blockades did nothing, also that they prevented us from getting cotton.

Brown. But the propositions are inconsistent.

Jones. That's his business. Well, that was all, except that he said he was an Amateur Diplomatist; and he urged the young Manchester swells not to be stiff-backed dandies but to look alive, like men.

Brown. Ah, thanks, you've saved my reading the seven columns. Cold day, eh? [Assent.]

THE WIND AND THE WATERING-PLACES.



THE effects of the late gale have been terribly disastrous. The calamities at sea which the newspapers have chronicled have been by no means the only losses which have been sustained. At nearly all the watering-places on the Southern and the Eastern coasts much valuable property has been utterly destroyed, and many a lady's toilette has been made a perfect wreck. Not for many seasons has such a storm been witnessed, and the amount of damage done to parasols and petticoats is more than has been known by the very oldest bathing woman. We subjoin from various sources some authentic details, which will serve to show how great was the fury of the storm.

At Folkestone, it is stated, for several days past the shore has been completely covered with fragments of costume, which have been torn away by the violence of the gale. Bits of bonnets, brims of hats and scraps of artificial flowers have been picked up in great quantities upon the pier and on the Leas, and fully a thousand yards of Crinoline, carried from its moorings and abandoned by the owners have been discovered in small pieces along the beach and cliffs.

At Hastings and St. Leonards sixty-seven new umbrellas were blown inside out on Sunday in coming out of church, five-and-twenty hats were whirled across the street, and eleven false moustachios were blown into the sea.

At Scarborough, on the twentieth, when the gale somewhat abated, the *Mary Ann* contrived, by skilful seamanship and pilotage, to reach the bookstall at the Station, and make her passage home with a cargo of new novels, without sustaining any damage further than the springing of a small leak in her scho. Later in the day the same voyage was attempted by the *Jane Jemima*, a somewhat smaller craft, and carrying more top-hammer, in the shape of a spoon-shaped bonnet. She stood out well at first, but, in rounding a street corner, she caught a sudden puff, and was very nearly thrown on her beam ends. Righting herself gravely, she bore on for a while, but was soon observed to throw out signals of distress. Observing this, the *Arthur*, that had been on the look-out, gallantly bore down to her assistance, and, having shortened her head-sail by taking in her parasol, eventually succeeded in towing her to port.

At Lowestoft several casualties are reported to have happened; but, although the slates, and tiles, and chimney-pots have been flying in all directions, no personal calamity is known to have been suffered. On the pier eleven wide-awakes were blown from their moorings, and of these but three were saved, the others sinking one by one within sight of the shore. How many ladies' hats were carried away, or otherwise destroyed, has not been ascertained, with anything like accuracy, but it is feared that the number of total wrecks is very great.

From Eastbourne we are told that the storm raged with great force; but, as the visitors for the most part kept prudently at anchor by their own firesides, but little loss of property has been hitherto sustained. It is, however, stated that a score of new umbrellas were blown clean inside out, and one unfortunate Skye terrier was carried off its legs; and, but for the blue ribbon which moored it to its mistress, there is little doubt that it would have been lost.

At Dover several bad collisions are reported to have happened, and a number of small craft, through press of Crinoline, have been for some time in great danger; but, assistance being ready, no wrecks have occurred.

From Ramsgate we receive the like calamitous intelligence, testifying to the violence and fury of the gale. Three fruit-stalls were capized at various street-corners, and several parasols were seen to go to pieces without the possibility of rendering any help. Among other mishaps, a couple of craft of small tonnage—or rather of small poundage—the *Freddy* and the *Charley*, were riding (upon donkeys) in safety on the sands, when a furious gust caught them, and carried away their head-gear; but they held on bravely (to the pommel of their saddles) and escaped being wrecked.

The reports from Brighton have not yet fully been made up. We

have, however, learned that among the mishaps occasioned by the gale, on Monday afternoon a nursemaid, who was coming alongside of a soldier, by a sudden squall was carried right into his arms, and there quietly remained without sustaining any damage further than a furtive kiss. Another nursemaid, finding her perambulator difficult to steer, immediately hoisted signals of distress. These being observed by Policeman Z. 11, that gallant officer at once made sail to her assistance, and did not leave her side until he saw her safe in port.

THE BRITISH BULL-DOG TO THE PRUSSIAN EAGLE.

ARE you true Eagle of aquiline race,
With a beak that spurns bars, a wing that snaps tethers,
And an eye to look Royalty's Sun in the face?
Or are you a chicken in Eagle's feathers?

Are you an Eagle, whose home's the sky,
Who loves free flight and air that is pure;
Or a buzzard that has but soared so high,
The swifter to stoop to a royal lure?

Is that beak but meant to guzzle and gorge?
Hold you those claws at your master's will,
To carry the bolts your Jove may forge?
Bear you that head to be hood-winked still,

As fits a bird of perch and mew,
Tamed and trained for the sport of a king,
To strike the quarry he tomes you to,
And then at his whistle to fold your wing?

With ruffled feathers I see you stand;
Your foot is on a parchment roll:
And I see your master reach his hand,
Out of your gripe to wrench the scroll.

With characters fine and flourishes fair,
I read "Constitution" writ therein:
And the world for the upshot sits a-stare.
Will Hohenzollern or Eagle win?

List, Eagle of Prussia, if not too proud,
By the British bull-dog advised to be;
The time has been, when had I been cowed,
The STUART had kennelled and collared me.

The never a parchment scroll had I
With Constitution fairly spelled,
But I had a bare bone of liberty,
And betwixt my teeth that bone I held.

My master STUART bade drop that bone,
Or, dog as I was, I should be shent.
I told my master to leave it alone;
Or meddling might breed him discontent.

He lifted his hand, I showed my teeth,
He strode a step, I stretched my chain:
He drew his sword from out the sheath,
I warned him to put it up again.

He raised the blade, my fangs I bared,
He came; I broke the chain that held;
He struck; but ill with his crown it fared:
I swallowed it, and the head it held.

To collar and kennel I've since returned,
As bull-dog should, at my own good will:
But the sweet bone that day's tussle earned,
That bone I keep, and will keep it still.

There, Eagle of Prussia, I've said my say,
For you and for him that wears the crown;
Let your bite be worse than your bark away,
But keep your foot where you've set it down.

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

MAN and wife are like a pair of scissors, so long as they are together, but they become daggers so soon as they are disunited.

WHY IS IT EXPENSIVE TO KEEP PIGEONS?—Because you must have a housemaid (house made) specially for them.



WIGGLES AND SPROTT PREFER HAVING FROM THE BEACH TO HAVING A STUFFY MACHINE. THEY ARE MUCH PLEASED WITH THE DELICATE LITTLE ATTENTION INDICATED ABOVE!

PARSON STOWE AND THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

WHAT an insult, PARSON STOWE, to ask you to enlist?
Did you tell the Sergeant so, you Abolitionist?
For a cause so good and true why scorn to strike a blow?
Why but talk, whilst others do the fighting, PARSON STOWE?

If 'tis wicked of the North to war upon the South,
Oh! then stretch not your hand forth, and likewise hold your mouth;
And instead of preaching peace don't blow the coals of strife:
Let the exhortation cease that works like drum and fife.

But what insult can you find, in credit for no lack
Of a stout and valiant mind within a suit of black;
Pluck enough in that meek heart beneath that sable coat,
In the war to take a part, since you the war promote?

If this is a holy war, and not a horrid curse,
Sacred calling is no bar; entirely the reverse,
To exclude from the Crusade a Preacher of the Right:
So, if you are not afraid, why not enlist and fight?

THE GRAND CUSTOM OF SPAIN.

THE KING OF DABOMEY was informed by a Missionary that the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH had lately presided at a Spanish bull-fight, the incidents of which, being detailed to His Majesty, afforded him high gratification. He said, "Berry good; berry good; keep good customs: bull kill mans more good customs. Gorr!" The following passage relative to the QUEEN OF SPAIN, extracted from a British journal, was then read to him:—

"Her Majesty attended Mass yesterday at the Cathedral at Malaga, and visited several charitable institutions and industrial establishments, inaugurated an exhibition of works of industry, and late in the day was present at a bull-fight."

"Good dat last," cried KING DABAHUNG; and he rolled his eyes, and grinned from ear to ear. "Berry good customs," he remarked.

"White Queen keep customs some good. Not so good customs as Black King, though. Yah! French Empress—Spanish Queen—come here! Teach um keep grand customs proper. Ghaw!" The King then uttered a loud roar, when a dozen captives were instantly brought before him, given a glass of rum a-piece, and beheaded with a blunt chopper, after which he set to playing at football with their heads, one of which he kicked rather too hard, so as to hurt himself, and then he lay down and belloved.

SYMPATHY WITH IRISH RIOTERS.

A MEETING was held one day last week at a public-house in Holborn for the purpose of getting up subscriptions to pay the fines incurred by the faithful Irish, CARDINAL WISEMAN'S Lambs, in breaking the heads of Garibaldian heretics with their pious shillelaghs. It is much to be feared that the object of the respectable Irish gentlemen who condescended this assembly will in future be frustrated by Magistrates too anxious to protect the peace of the public against the assaults of Irish Catholic zeal. There is every reason to apprehend that, instead of fining devout Irishmen for cracking the crowns of British liberals, their Worship will exercise their optional discretion of giving those dear children of the gushing Cardinal imprisonment and hard labour.

We may state that, at the pro-shillelagh demonstration above alluded to, some mention was made of another subscription now in progress for erecting a memorial to the late DANIEL O'CONNELL. It was proposed that the memorial should consist of a statue; and a Member of the Irish Papal Brigade who happened to be present, judiciously suggested that, as O'CONNELL was in his day the Liberator of Ireland, whereas Irishmen at present are ready to fracture the skull of anybody that dares so much as to shout for the Liberator of Italy; therefore, the statue to the memory of DANIEL O'CONNELL should be composed of brass, and planted upside down.

AGREABLE ECONOMY.

Emily. Good bye, CHARLEY. Mind you take a "Buss."

[CHARLEY does so instantly—left cheek near the dimple]